

[Otho Allen]

Frances E. Totty

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Age 54. Interview

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Early days in the Southwest.

My father, J. W. Allen and mother came to Deming in 1882 the year before I was born. There wasn't a doctor in Deming at the time my people came to town. Dr. Stoval came to Deming in 1884 just before I was born.

He was just a lad and my mother would not have him as a doctor, because she said he hadn't had any experience, and she would rather have an older woman take care of her. Dr. Stoval is practicing over on the Mimbres River at the present time.

In 1884 my father moved to Whitewater, where two regiments of soldiers were stationed. He didn't have a job or any money and killed antelopes for the soldiers. He later bought a tent and started a saloon where he made enough money to get a start.

He moved to White Signal in 1885 and took squatters rights on a piece of land. Our first livestock were hogs and we slowly acquired a few cattle. My father was very conservative and was trying to get ahead. He saved a few \$20 gold pieces, which I found and dropped through a crack in the floor. The story got out about me pushing the gold pieces through

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the floor, and people got the impression that my father was rich and hoarding gold. c.[?] - 6/15/41 N. Mex. Box!

One night a knock was heard at the door. When we called "who is it?" The answer was: "Its me." My father was away from home and mother wouldn't open the door. The man tried to get 2 in the house, and hung around for a couple of hours and finally went away. The next morning we found two large rocks and a heavy green club by the door. After that my father was very careful about his money.

Ceasar Brock killed the last mountain sheep killed in the Barro Mountains. I was a youngster at the time, and could only reach half way around his horn with both hands.

The first time I saw Mr. Brock I was riding behind my father to camp. Father said "Son, here comes some one with a large gun." It was in the winter, and was very cold. Father asked Mr. Brock to return to camp with us, which he did. He had been to our camp, but left as we didn't return to camp early. Mr. Brock said: "I killed a deer up here and you can have it if you will go get it as it is too far for me to carry to my camp. "The next morning we went with Mr. Brock to where the deer was, and a wildcat had been there. Mr. Brock remarked that he just as well have his skin as anyone else, and left. That afternoon father and I were cleaning out a slue when one of us happened to look up and saw Mr. Brock standing on one of the highest peaks with the skin tied around his waist. Mr. Brock come off the side of that cliff as fleet as a deer.

Mr. Brock was raised around the Indians, and to many is very queer. One never knew when to expect him at their elbow laughing, because he scared them. At dawn he might be at your camp some five or ten miles from his camp, and at dusk thirty miles away, and he was always a foot.

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He has a gun that is marked T. S. V. which is generally believed to belong to the Adams party. The Gold Gulch country must be where the Adams Diggings are located for Mr.

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Brock found the gun in a cave in the Gulch. The land markings suit the Adams discription. The mountain that resembles a womans breast can be seen. I have found several 45-70 Rim Fire shells in the Gulch, and several cradles that were made with pegs for nails. Mr. Brock used to come in with some nice nuggets and told us that he thought the Gulch was where the Adams Diggings were. He later showed us the gun that he had found with the initials carved on it.

There is a hole in the Gulch formed by water falling from a cliff in rainy weather. In this hole one can see a heart with an arrow through it and turkey tracks in the rocks. How the Indians got in the hole to carve signs is a miracle to me. The sides of the hole are slick and curve slightly. There are many cliff dwellings around the Gulch, and Pit dwellings are found all along the range of mountains.

John Cummings told me the first time he saw Billie the Kid was in Cochise. The Kid came into town and went to a saloon and said he was hunting work. The boy saw some men gambling and was soon in the game, he was a stranger in the country, and as he seemed to have all the luck and was taking all of the money; one of the men made a nasty remark. The Kid drew his gun and killed two of the men around the table and injured another. He walked out of the saloon as he had just been in the place for 4 a drink, and walked over to his horse as unconcerned; looked back, and then jumped on and rode away. The men at the saloon had thought of him as a mere lad and were taken back when they found him quick on the draw. The boy left Cochise and was never seen there again.

In 1905 John MacMullen brought the first two cylinder car to Silver City. We all knew that a car would never go to Mogollon. Everyone thought Mr. McMullens was rich as he had a car. We had always gone horseback and thought a horse would be the only successful way of travel. We rode horses for fifteen cents apiece or two for twenty-five. One night Mr. Brock came to camp and asked me to ride one of his horses, I replied, "Mr. Brock we are charging to ride horses now."

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"How much?" Mr. Brock asked."

"Fifteen cents for one horse."

"I'd pay fifteen cents to see anyone ride my horse for he has throwed more than one."

"All right bring him over any time you have him up and I'll ride him."

Mr. Brock left and about nine that night he came to camp leading a large black horse. He said, "Lets see you ride him." I got my fifteen cents. Took off his Montgomery saddle with one stirrup shorter than the other, and put my saddle on the horse. The boys that were in bed didn't get up while I was saddling the horse but did when I got on him. That horse jumped through one of the tents, and the chuck wagon. We rode 5 through the camp and tore up things in general. In the early days when you rode a wild horse he was wild, but it was all in the game for we needed the money. We never minded a few hard falls, expected them. We didn't mind sleeping out we had our old cowboy songs to sing and square dances to pass the time so life wasn't so dull.

Otho Adams.